

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES. }  
VOL. XXV. }

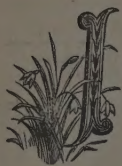
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ST. BERNARD DOG AND CHILD.

## "NO MORE SEA."



WONDER why it is said, 'no more sea,' " said Ailie, musingly; for the sea came up to the rock on which she sat, and touched it like a laughing child; and the little blue waves far out wore a white crest to be sure, but each crest shone in the sun like a white-winged, joyous bird. Very glad was the sea, and very glad was Ailie.

So the little girl was thinking, as others than she may have done, how the beautiful New Jerusalem had "no more sea." She was thinking how, in that land where all was music and light, the singing of happy waters would be missed upon the shore. And, because her brothers did not answer, she softly spoke again:—

"I wish it had not been written, 'no more sea.'"

Willie and Jim were silent; they were busy with their bait and their fishing-hooks. They, too, were thinking perhaps of the "no more sea." But they did not think aloud like Ailie,—they were none the worse for that,—and Ailie said, half to herself, and half to her brothers if they chose,—

"I like the other picture best,—about the sea of glass, you know."

"What's that?" asked Jim roughly, to cover his interest. He knew well enough, but he thought it pretty too; and he did not mind, without owning it, though Ailie should tell it again.

"I can say it," said Ailie; "it was so pretty I learnt it. 'And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God.' Isn't that beautiful? It wouldn't be quite

like this, you know; it would be so clear and bright, that when the harpers looked down in their singing, they would see there the shining of the Lord Jesus' face. It's about him they sing, you know, the beautiful, loud song. Isn't it beautiful,—that? Perhaps there was an echo on the sea that always brought back his name. I forget the song, but it's beautiful,—about the Lord God Almighty, and the King of Saints standing on the sea of glass, Jim, 'having the harps of God.' I like to read that better than 'no more sea.'"

"Look, we're not alone," said Willie, touching Ailie as he spoke.

Then Ailie stopped timidly, and looked over the rock, and saw on the other side a fisherman mending his net. The heavy black rope-work was drawn up on his knee; and resting on the rock beside him, with an open book on her lap, a lady with her hat thrown off was looking up from the page.

"Whenever I see you mending your net I think of Peter and John."

"Ay, ay, ma'am, they were doing that when Christ called them; they were at their common work, and he took them as they were."

"It has made it a kind of sacred work, I always think, John."

"Ay, ay, ma'am, all kinds of work are sacred when the good Lord gives his blessing."

But Ailie, from her higher rock, saw something in his eye,—something that was pain, perhaps,—which the lady near him did not see. She was turning over the Bible (for Ailie could see it was a Bible), and smiling as she turned, in a happy, restful sort of way.

"I always like to read the passages that are about the sea" ("She must be like me," thought Ailie, and she bent a little nearer to hear); "there are so many, you remember,



and so many of Christ's apostles were fishermen. How interesting it is to read of! It's a silly thing to ask, but tell me if the Bible ever helped to make you a fisherman, John?"

The man smiled, but shook his head and bent further over his net, the red slant beams of the May sun streaming across his bronzed brow; and the lady, looking up from her book, saw now, as well as Ailie saw, a tear, or nearly a tear, in the fisherman's dim eye. Her own dropped in sorrowful sympathy; and then she asked low, "Shall I read to you, John, as I was doing before?"

"Ay, do that; the words are good for wae hearts."

And the lady was beginning to read at the page that lay open before her, but the fisherman spoke tremulously, "Read about the 'no more sea.'"

"O Willie," whispered Ailie, bending down to her brother's ear, "did you hear what the fisherman said? and that's what I didn't like. Isn't it queer?"

But the lady with the book had turned the pages over. She looked a moment at the fisherman before she began to read; and when she looked up, Ailie saw that her face was a fair and pleasant one, and Ailie bent to hear, for a question was in her eyes.

"When I have read this, John, will you tell me why you like it?"

"Yes, ma'am, surely; surely I will."

Ailie felt like an eavesdropper, and privately turned to Willie to ask if it were right to listen, when the fisherman and the lady did not know they were there. But Willie's opinion was decided, and Jim's was too. There was no harm, and perhaps the fisherman might tell a jolly good yarn; and they were too tired besides to move for a full hour. So Ailie nestled quietly back against the rock, and listened to the calm, clear voice which read of the beautiful city.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."

"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

And the lady read on: about the promise to him that overcometh; about the twelve gates of the city that "shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there;" the city without a temple, for God is the temple of it; with no need of sun or moon, for the glory of God is its light.

When the reader ceased, her eyes sought those of the fisherman; but his were still dropped upon his net; he did not lift them to her. Then there was a little pause: for the sorrow in the old man's face made the lady forbear to ask the question she asked before.

"I be to tell it, ma'am" (he did not lift his face yet); "the story's as short as it's wae: I lost my laddie in the sea, — my ain, ain laddie."

"O forgive me for asking," said the lady with quick tears; and her voice grew low, as she spoke, for self-reproach and pity.

"Dinna greet, leddy, it's lang, lang syne; and it was but hame the sooner to the port through the stormy waters. My bonny wee child, — a' we had, his mother and me; but he's won hame safe before us, won in by the water-gate."

"Oh, I know now: how silly I was, John; but don't tell me, please."

"An' what for should I no'? His voice is aye in the waves; an' it mak's it nae louder nor safter that I speak it in audible words. For the sky was as black as pitch; ne'er a star to be seen; an' the 'Lown Nell' (that was our boat) moaned like a helpless bairn; an' syne she lay on the rocks, an' my ain laddie lay beside her, hungered, an' cauld, an' bruised, an' dying before my e'en. I took the auld jacket frae my shoulders and wrapped it round my boy. He cam' close into my arms; but he could not grow warm there, for we baith were sair drenched wi' the sea; but he aye crooned and smiled, — I could see his smile, leddy, when the red, jagged lightning shook its fork in his face and mine. An' aye he thought he heard his mother ca'ing him over the rocks, an' said, 'I'll be hame soon;' wae's me! An' when the waves cam' higher, and weeted us ower wi' spray, he opened his weary e'en and said, 'No more sea.' I grippit him closer aye. I fought wi' the sea for my laddie, though I kenned weel before the morning it was na' my laddie I held. I' the streak o' the early dawn I saw the bonnie shut e'en an' nae life in them. My ain bairn was dead. I fought wi' the sea yet for a' that was left o' him; but the wee hands could na' cling now, and a hungry wave clutched him from me."

The fisherman turned away, and the lady covered her face with her hands; and Ailie pressed close to her brothers, and looked with pitiful awe and smothered sobs on the poor grief-stricken man. But in a minute more the fisherman turned again to his net.

"It's a' by now," he said; "he's won hame by the water-gate. But I canna' forget the last words the bairn ever spak': 'It's a lown rest there, where there's no more sea.'"

There was a long, long silence; and then the lady said, with her hand slipped tenderly into the fisherman's, "I know now why that was written. John was a fisherman too; and heaven will be to all of us the place that is dearest and quietest. No more sea for the sorrowful, yet a sea of glass for praise; all the storm and the peril past, yet the brightness and clearness left. I think both pictures were needed to let us know what is meant. But O forgive me, forgive me for asking a story like that. And yet it's sweet too, is it not? For your little loved child won home first, to the light, to the beauty, to Christ, and far past the storms."

And Ailie on the rock whispered very low to her brothers, "We must get there some time too; not through the water-gate perhaps, but surely by the king's highway."

The Dayspring (Paisley).

## THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

MABEL.

OH, how I wish, dear Mary,  
That you and I were flowers!  
With nothing in the world to do,  
Through all the summer hours,  
But just to sit down by the stream,  
And hear the sweet birds sing;  
To wear our wreaths of dewy gems,  
And in the sunshine swing.

MARY.

The rose's cheeks are very red,  
The lily's white as pearl;  
All flowers are fair, — but fairer still  
A happy little girl.  
Why would you be a simple flower,  
Which withers in a day,  
Rather than an immortal soul,  
Which never can decay?

MABEL.

The flowers have no work to do,  
They never fret nor fuss;  
They do not sit the whole day through,  
And study books, like us.

They get no tardy marks at school,  
Because they stopped to play;  
They're idle, idle, all the time,  
And out of doors all day.

## MARY.

The rudeness of the common earth  
By blossoms is refined;  
But all their bloom is little worth,  
Compared with one young mind.  
By weariness we only learn  
How sweet it is to rest;  
But love and labor purify  
The heart in each small breast.

## MABEL.

The flowers fulfil their Maker's will  
By simply being sweet;  
They have no dreaded tasks to do,  
No lessons to repeat.  
They sleep at night, they wake at morn,  
No hair to brush and curl, —  
I'm sure I'd rather be a rose  
Than be a little girl!

## MARY.

Now, yesterday, you studied hard, —  
A sweet, industrious child;  
And when your teacher praised you so,  
You brightly blushed and smiled.  
Your face had such a happy look,  
Your eyes were full of light, —  
Would you have been the idlest rose,  
When you went home last night?

## MABEL.

Well, I was happy yesterday,  
And very, very blest:  
I do not think so deep a joy  
E'er thrilled a rose's breast.  
But you must own, dear Mary,  
I had it first to win:  
While flowers and birds are always gay,  
They neither toil nor spin.

## MARY.

The flowers and birds, their little day,  
Flutter and sing and bloom;  
Then like the dust they pass away, —  
No life beyond the tomb.

But, if we labor, our reward  
Is for eternal years;  
Our smiles are sweeter and more blest,  
For winning them through tears.

## WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

WE are very apt to think that things might have been better than they are. I am sure that they might be worse. On the evening of the last Fourth of July, two or three boys sat for a few minutes on the steps of a church in the town of B——, carelessly throwing fire-crackers. A quarter of an hour after the boys had left this place, a man passing that way saw smoke and blaze rising from those steps, and running for a pail of water put out the fire, which was then but a small affair. Had the fire not been seen until a half-hour later, it would have been impossible to have extinguished it; for in that small town is neither fire-engine nor hook and ladder company. A fire-cracker thrown by one of these boys fell through one of the cracks between the boards forming the steps, kindling the shavings underneath.

When I first heard of the narrow escape of our loved church, my eyes filled with tears, thinking of what might have been. It ill becomes us now to borrow trouble as to the means we have of paying our minister's salary. We should be so grateful for what has been spared us that we ought to give more freely than ever of our time and money to support worship, feeling that it is little indeed compared with what might have been required of us, had the church, organ, and other property fallen a prey to the flames.

Our boys and girls, who sometimes think it a task to go to church, would have felt rather sorrowful, I think, if on that Sunday morning following the Fourth of July they had seen nothing of the church but a heap of ruins. I believe, then, that they would



have realized that they liked church-going better than they before supposed.

Children enjoy the change from week-day tasks and sports of going, in company with their parents, brothers, and sisters, to the House of God. Then, too, on a week day, to have missed that church-spire pointing heavenward, reminding of duty and the higher life, — how sad it would have been!

Yesterday I rode in town from Dorchester by horse-car. One of the passengers complained that the car accommodations were insufficient. She thought it a "shame" that ladies were obliged to stand. I noticed, however, that some time before we reached the end of the route all the ladies were provided with seats. One person near me said: "I think that lady must have forgotten the time when the horse disease prevailed. At that time we were deprived of the use of street-cars for some days. It is well to have something of that kind to occur occasionally, that we may know what a blessing the horse-cars are, though we do sometimes have to stand a portion of the way when riding in town. It is a great deal easier than walking that distance."

Boys and girls, try to avoid the habit of complaint, and resolve to find all the compensation you can for the little hardships you may meet with in your lot. When inclined to find fault that your school-teacher is strict with you, think of what might be if you had an indifferent teacher, who cared not whether you learned your lessons or not, allowing you to idle your time away. When you think thus, if you have good sense, you will see that things might be worse than they are.

We all enjoy the company of those best who see what is good and pleasant in life, and who find the bright side to every passing cloud.

M.

For The Dayspring.

## WINTER.

OVER the ice, and over the snow,  
Four little children merrily go;  
Johnnie and Katie, Fannie and Will,  
Down through the meadow and over the hill.

Johnnie, the youngest, is six years old;  
But what does he care for the biting cold?  
Wrapped up in clothing so nice and warm,  
Well may they laugh at the winter's storm.

The sleds are all ready; down Willie goes.  
Hurrah! he tips over, and bumps his nose.  
Up again, Willie, and try it again!  
Never you mind a wee bit of pain.

Katie goes next, with a laugh and a shout;  
Johnnie soon follows, and cries Kate, "Look out!"

Fannie, too timid to follow, stands still,  
And watches the sport from the top of the hill.

Isn't it grand in the winter to slide?  
Isn't it sport with the sleigh bells to ride?  
Making up snowballs to pelt one another,  
Pray don't be rude, little sister or brother.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

## HUMOROUS.

"MAMMA," asked a little girl, "where do the afternoons stay when the forenoons are here?"

A little three-year-old boy was learning his alphabet, but longing to eat the ginger-snaps he had in his pocket. So when asked to tell what letter the round one is, he answered, "Snap-hole."

One who has had good opportunities of knowing says that a boy's toothache generally commences at eight A.M., and increases in intensity till nearly nine, when it is positively unendurable. After nine it eases off with wonderful rapidity.

An English advertisement reads: "Ten shillings reward! Lost by a gentleman a white terrier dog except his head, which is black."

"Isn't your horse a little slow, Jim?"  
 "Oh, no! he wants to be all ready to stop when I say, whoa!"

An Irish boy says that "salt is the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on."

"Patrick, my boy, what country is opposite to us on the globe?"

"Don't know, sir."

"That is," continued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?"

"Out of the hole, sir," replied Patrick, triumphantly.

"Boys," said a teacher, "what is the meaning of this noise in the school-room?"

"Please, sir, it is Bill Sikes, who is making believe he is a locomotive."

"Ha! Come up here, William. I guess it is full time for the locomotive to be switched off."

The story is told of the late Lord Hertford, a famous patron of the fine arts, that years ago he was in quest of a painting by some old master, which he had reason to believe was in the market. Several picture dealers were commissioned to hunt it up in the picture shops of Europe. At the end of six months a Paris dealer came to the Marquis with the news that he had at last discovered the hiding place of the painting, but added that he had reason to believe that the owner would not part with it upon any terms.

"What if you should offer him £10,000 for it?" asked the Marquis.

"He would probably show me to the door," replied the dealer.

"Where is it?" continued the Marquis.

"In the front room of the second story of your lordship's house in Manchester Square," answered the dealer, "where it has been these ten years, *with its face turned to the wall.*"

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### CONUNDRUM.

CAN you tell me why  
 A deceitful eye  
 Can better descry,  
 Than you or I,  
 Upon how many toes  
 A pussy-cat goes?

### ANSWER.

The eye of deceit  
 Can best count er-feit;  
 And so, I suppose,  
 Can best count her toes.

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### BEGINNING EARLY.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was noted for the extraordinary range and accuracy of his knowledge. He seemed to be well informed on every important subject, and to have all his knowledge at command.

He began to learn early. At nine years of age, when most boys are thinking only of play or of amusing story books, John Quincy was busy with history, and reproaching himself that he was so indolent in his reading. He writes to his father: "Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me a studying. I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of 'Rollin's History,' but designed to have got half through it by this time. I have set myself a stint, this week, to read the third volume half out. I may again, at the end of the week, give a better account of myself."

## LIGHT FOR ALL

MUSIC BY CHARLES BARNARD.

Allegro.

Je - sus bids us shine With a pure clear light, Like a lit - tle

can - dle Burn - ing in the night. In the world is dark - ness So we must

shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine  
 First of all for him;  
 Well he sees and knows it,  
 If our light is dim.  
 He looks down from heaven  
 To see us shine,  
 You in your small corner,  
 And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,  
 Yes, for all around;  
 Oh what depths of darkness  
 In the world are found!  
 There's sin, there's want, and sorrow,  
 So we must shine,  
 You in your small corner,  
 And I in mine.





**BLESSED  
ARE THE POOR  
IN SPIRIT:  
FOR THEIRS IS  
THE KINGDOM  
OF  
HEAVEN.**



## THE ST. BERNARD DOG.

SOME of you, young readers, have seen Mount Washington in New Hampshire. You know that on its top are houses to which visitors go in the summer. There are a few men who stay up there all winter to telegraph down to us how cold it is up there, and all the changes in the weather, to help the man at Washington tell the people what sort of weather they may expect.

You know the higher up you go, the colder it becomes. The Alps, in Europe, are very much higher than Mount Washington. All the year through they are covered with snow. Even in the summer season it is very cold on their summits, and they are visited with fierce storms.

The Alps are between France and Italy, and people in going from one country to the other often cross them. The road does not lead over its summits, but through the great St. Bernard Pass, which lies between the higher summits. This Pass is nearly two thousand feet higher than Mount Washington; so you can judge how cold it must be there.

Nearly a thousand years ago, Count Bernard had a sort of inn built there for travellers. It is kept by monks, an order of men in the

Roman Catholic Church. The St. Bernard monks live together as Brothers, and devote themselves to religious duties. Among these duties are the safety and care of travellers. Whoever seeks the shelter of this inn or Hospice, as it is called, is welcomed. No charge is made, but travellers give the Brothers whatever they please.

These monks keep large dogs, which they train to search for travellers lost in the snow. If a person, in one of these cold mountain storms, sinks from fatigue, he becomes benumbed, and is soon covered by the drifting snows. But these dogs have a keen scent, and will find him. They then set up a loud barking, which calls the Brothers to the spot to rescue him. Thousands of lives have thus been saved. There is an account of one dog that during his worthy career saved twenty-two lives.

In the picture on the first page you see one of these dogs at the door of the Hospice, and close by him a child. This child strayed away from his home in a village farther down the mountain, and was found by the dog perishing with cold. He got upon the dog's back, and was carried up to the Hospice. The dog barked for the Brothers, and they quickly came. The child was nearly frozen, and had fallen

into that sleep from which he never would have awakened but for the good monks. They knew just what to do for him; and were able to send him back to his parents safe and well.

How those parents must have loved that noble dog!

### TO YOUNGEST SINGERS.

IN each number of the "Dayspring" we give you a piece of music. If you look at it closely, you will see that it is printed on two staves, like music for the piano. Look at the notes, and you will see that the stems turn in different directions. Those on the upper part of the staff turn up, and those on the lower turn down. This gives us two sets of notes on each staff, with the stems turning opposite ways. This shows us that the music may be played on a piano, or organ, and at the same time it can be sung by four people, each one singing a different part. The lady, or young girl, who sings the melody, or soprano, will take the notes on the upper staff, with stems turning up. The girl who sings second, or alto, will take the notes with the stems turned down. Then, if there were some gentlemen to help, the man who sang tenor would have the notes on the lower staff, with stems turning up, and the bass singer those that turned down. This makes it easy to sing or play from such a small paper as the "Dayspring."

If there is no gentleman to help, we must take the upper notes, for that is the melody. In Sunday school it is best for all to sing the upper notes, and no others. This makes it easy to sing, and the music sounds much

better than if part tried one thing, and part another, all over the school.

Not all the music we shall give you will be new, or fitted to Sunday-school words. By and by we will have some merry ballads, and some wild wood songs for picnics.

In the last number the time marks at the beginning of the piece were wrong. Through a mistake in copying,  $\frac{3}{8}$  was written for  $\frac{2}{4}$ . Play it in three-four time, and it will sound much better.

C. B.

For The Dayspring.

MIRIAM.

BY E. P. C.

### CHAPTER II. — *Carlos's Capers.*



TELL you more about Carlos? Why, I was so near his age that I did not see half his comical ways; and those I did see often worried more than amused me.

As soon as he was put into jacket and trousers, — and that was earlier than boys are now, — he began to climb. Perhaps, because he was short, he was always trying to reach the highest point. His favorite perch was the top of the gate posts; from whence, with jockey cap shielding his laughing blue eyes, he looked down on passers-by, amazed at so small a child on so high a pinnacle.

When our father took us to the illuminated Washington Gardens, we saw a sight not put down in the bills, — our monkey of a brother shinning up the flagstaff. He was born to be a sailor. Once, I believe, he walked around the edge of our house roof, to the horror of the opposite neighbors. For ever running to the docks, one day he fell into the water, and was only rescued from drowning by the courage of a stranger. At last, to save his life and her own nerves, our



mother consented to his going to boarding-school, where he was the smallest if not the youngest boy that had ever been received, — only seven years old, — and he and his little trunk a pair to wonder at and pity.

But he was called "Old" Chaloner at once. Young as he was, he enjoyed, and did not forget, the glorious stage ride, the four spanking horses, the red-faced, cheery, driver, the getting under the boot in crossing the bleak Lynn marshes, the grand pull up Ipswich Hill.

Mr. Knight, one of the drivers, admired Napoleon; and was fond of repeating what was said of his success, that it came from his calling to his soldiers, not "Go!" but "Come!"

Of course little Carlos was homesick at times; but never so much so as our elder brother, Edward. His letters were heart-broken. But a kind father can be firm when it is for the good of his child; and when Edward grew up he said it was all right that he was kept at boarding-school. Both the boys enjoyed the winter pleasures of Byfield; the coasting, the skating, and the evenings around Farmer Northend's fire, eating apples and cracking jokes.

Before the boys left home for school, our father bought an old-fashioned house in Atkinson, now Congress, Street. We should have liked to help pack the furniture; but, to get us out of our mother's way, Grandmother Somers took us all in for the day, or rather out, for we spent most of it racing in her garden among the crook-necked squashes, and eating the gingerbread and candy which black Prince bought for us with a whole dollar. When we went home to the new house, we forgot our fatigue in telling how we had passed the day. We should have walked softly, and whispered, instead of shouting, if we had known how many little feet were still, how many little voices silent,

which, not long before, ran as fast over that slippery canvas, and screamed as loud as we did. We ate what was left of our candy, tied to the bed-posts, in the course of the restless night.

In most of the rooms of that house we were tired of being told: "Keep your hands off the paper!" "Pull that chair from the wall!" "Don't kick!" "Keep still!" but in our play-chamber we rode "Mug's mare," trod on our playthings, and screamed and kicked like Bedlam. The yellow-wash had run into a rough picture of Niagara Falls; but we had a grand time in the shabby room. Upside down went our nursery table, in we jumped, and the reindeer dragged us about.

Tired of play, one step up into the nursery, and there was the baby to be wondered over. There was always a baby in our house; for three sisters were born after Carlos. People groaned over so many daughters. But we didn't trouble our heads as to what we were to eat and wear. Like the birds of the air, we opened our mouths for all that dropped in. Just as with you, the dear heavenly Father put it into our parents' hearts to forget themselves, to feed us by day, watch over us at night, and nurse us in illness. And not only to care for our bodies, but to set us a good example; to teach us to pray, to read us the Bible, to take us to church, and show us how much more blessed it is to think of others than of self.

What can a child do to repay such love? Obey his parents, love them, and when they grow feeble in age, as he was in youth, lead them and comfort them and give them his heart. Children little think how a sharp, careless word cuts to the quick; how much more precious a thoughtful act of love than the costliest gift. There are very few who can do any thing wonderful in the world; but all can do their part towards making home happy.

### "OUR FATHER."

Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,  
And at midnight's hour of harm,  
"Our Father," looking upward in the chamber,  
We say softly for a charm.

We know no other words except "Our Father,"  
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,  
God may pluck them, with the silence sweet to  
gather,  
And hold both in his right hand, which is strong.

"Our Father," if he heard us, he would surely  
(For they call him good and mild)  
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,  
"Come and rest with me, my child."

MRS. BROWNING.

### PLAYING PIC-NIC.

"SADIE, Sadie, please I want to plan awhile with you and Nettie," said Mary Price, as the schoolmates came along with her on their return from school.

During this earnest consultation, Frank Seymour came up. "What is it, girls? What is so good?" he asked. "Oh, bother!" he exclaimed a moment later, as Nettie explained the subject under consideration. "Who cares for the Joneses? I'm sure I don't!"

"I'm sure you ought to, Frank," returned Sadie, "but if you don't care for them you do for Mary here, and she lost her place to-day."

"I noticed it, Mary," said Frank, kindly; "what was the trouble?"

"I'll tell you, Frank: you see, just as I was finishing my dinner, I glanced across the school-room and saw little Hannah Jones staring at me with a wistful, hungry look. She turned away her head quick as a flash. That last bite in my throat choked me: I hadn't even an apple left to give her, and all this afternoon I've seen her eyes looking into

mine from every province in North America. No wonder I couldn't learn my lesson, and I can't to-morrow, if something isn't done. Will you help, Frank?"

"Well, yes, I will, just for your sake, you know. I don't want you to go blundering over your geography all winter."

Next day at intermission all were invited to attend Sadie Morton's pic-nic party.

"We'll make believe," said that young lady, "that this bare floor is a beautiful lawn covered with the brightest green; and these benches we'll call a grove of magnificent trees."

"Now let's set the table, and bring on the goodies," said one, unfolding a large paper for a cloth. Those in the secret responded quickly with crullers and crumpets, buttered bread, cheese, cakes, pie, and various et ceteras.

"You want my dinner, Nettie?" asked little five-year-old Lilian, the pet of the school, holding up her tiny pail, "tause if you do, you may have it. I only take one little bite, I so hungry."

Fred, Hannah, and Cornelia Jones, having nothing to contribute, were somewhat diffident about attending the party. Frank Seymour, who didn't care for the Joneses the night before, had to be coaxed and coaxed, finally consenting only on condition that Fred would keep him company, "just to please the girls," he said, "and see what sort of good time they can conjure up."

The "time" proved so decided a success that Nettie announced her determination to give a party to-morrow, to which all were invited.

A few days later Frank and Fred brought in a rough table which they had made. This proved a great convenience, and through the term the dinner parties were kept up. On several stormy days they had their teacher for a guest. No more half-starved faces

peered out of Mary's atlas, for the Jones children were sure of a good dinner now.

"It is surprising," said Frank, "how really interesting and amiable they have become. There's nobody readier to run on errands and oblige another than Fred Jones."

A. A. B.

### "THE CHURCH IS ON FIRE!"

LAST Sunday, just as I was ready to start for our church and Sunday school, for we have our Sunday school immediately after the morning service, I was startled by the cry, "The church is on fire!"

Upon looking out of the dining-room window at the church on the opposite side of the street, I noticed smoke coming from the side doorway. The bells began sounding in their ominous manner announcing the fire, and soon appeared the carriage bearing the fire annihilators, then the hose-carriages, quickly followed by the hook and ladder companies with their long ladders, and the steam-engines with fires all under way. The well-trained horses attached to the several teams, full of spirit and dash, rushed towards the fire. The people assembled from all quarters.

A very short time after the fire was announced, the firemen had ladders against and on top of the building, and by means of their axes cut holes in the roof for the purpose of getting at the fire, and the steam-engines forced water in many streams upon the building inside and out. The firemen were as nimble as a parcel of monkeys, climbing upon the roof and sliding down the ladders in a perfectly reckless manner.

The fire continued on, and little flames appeared in different parts of the roof and at the dormer windows; then the smoke came in large volumes, and, as it ascended, mingled with the steam from the water thrown upon the fire, forming great clouds; then appeared

a perfectly formed rainbow over the church, as if denoting God's presence, and, strange as it may seem, that all was well.

The streams of water falling upon the top of the roof ran down in silver cascades, glistening in the sun of that beautiful morning so delightfully that, with the flame and smoke as a background to the picture, we were filled with admiration and awe at the sight.

The flames soon broke out, and amid their glare the roof partially fell in with a crash, and soon after the large quantities of water checked the fire, and by noon it was wholly out.

On last Christmas day I arrived home at noon with my niece May, and, as I was about to get into my carriage to drive to the stable, three poor little children, thinly clad, two boys and a girl, asked if they could ride. I consented, and on the way they said that they were going to the Christmas tree to be held in the church that is now burned, at 5½ o'clock. They each had a ticket entitling them to a little present. From the stable they walked back with me to my home. I found that they lived some distance away, yet were so anxious for their expected presents that they were perfectly willing to remain exposed to the bleak wind over four hours. I gave them a little money to spend, and bid them good-by. The little girl followed me up the steps, and asked to be kissed as a token of her thankfulness.

Several times during that afternoon I looked out of the window, and saw the children with others patiently waiting in the grim cold for the expected delight. So during the fire I thought of these children and the much good this church had done, and I was determined that the next Sunday I would tell our Sunday-school scholars this little story, and ask them at least to send the following Sunday's contribution to the Sun-



day school of this church, as an expression of sympathy for its misfortune and of love and regard for its thoughtfulness to the poor little waifs at Christmas time. W.

## FOUR PRAYERS.

TEACH me to *live*, O God! teach me to live,  
According to the rule which Thou hast given;  
Warning, reproof, direction I receive  
From thence, to help me on my way to heaven.  
Father, I give my life to him whom Thou didst give.  
Do Thou, for his sake, teach me how I ought to live!

Teach me to *work*, O God! teach me to work;  
This is not time nor place for ease and rest;  
And there is happiness for those who work  
Such as ne'er enters in the idler's breast;  
Father, I'm thine alone; take Thou head, hands,  
and heart;  
All to thy work alone gladly I'll set apart!

Teach me to *speak*, O God! teach me to speak,  
Wisely and well, with tact, as best beseems  
One who has faults and failings, yet doth seek  
Oft to light up dark hearts with heavenly beams.  
Fain would I learn, O Lord! that which so much I  
need,  
Like Thee to speak the word, suited to every need.

Teach me to *learn*, O God! teach me to learn,  
All that I need, in order thus to live;  
Courage, faith, firmness, gentleness, in turn,  
Just as I need, do Thou be pleased to give.  
And, that I may not fail in ought to which I turn,  
Teach me, O God, for Christ's sake, *all* I need to  
learn!

Early Days.

MARY MOFFAT, THE GRATEFUL  
GIRL.

DR. SMITH, an army surgeon, was going one day in full uniform to pay a visit on board a French frigate lying in the harbor. How startled, then, was his wife when he came back in about half an hour, clothes and even hat soaked with water.

"Oh!" said he in explanation, "as I went along the quay I saw a little girl who had fallen into the sea; and, though there was a crowd of people there, they were not getting her out. Think of throwing a rope to a baby of five, and poking at her with oars! So I had to jump in as I was, and swim out a bit; and then, when I got her ashore, I had to try to restore her. But it was worth getting a ducking to see the poor mother's joy when the child opened her eyes again."

Many years had passed away, when one evening a tall stranger lady called at the doctor's house. "It is fifteen years since I left this place," said she to him; "and I have just come back for a short time to visit my friends here before getting married and going out to Australia; and I thought I should like to see you once more too, and thank you for saving me from being drowned when I was a little girl."

"Indeed I do not remember you," said he. "Can you be the little girl that I once jumped into the sea after, when some stupid fellows were throwing ropes and holding out oars, as if it had been a seaman they were helping? But it was an act of common humanity that no man could have refused to do for a dog, and not worthy of great thanks even at the time it occurred."

"Oh, sir!" replied the lady, "as a little child your name was in my prayers night and morning. It was my life you saved, and I shall never cease to seek God's blessing on your head."

## For The Dayspring.

SAID the rain to the snow,  
"I give that the flowers may grow."  
SAID the snow to the rain,  
"I give that they may live again,  
After the cold and icy weather."  
Thus the rain and snow together,  
By harmonious action, ever  
Work out the All-wise Father's will,  
And His divine behests fulfil. M. L. B.

"We are never too young to learn what is useful, nor too old to grow wise and good."

MAN judges of our motives by our actions: God judges of our actions by our motives.

PRAYER. — A lady handed to a deaf and dumb girl the question, "What is prayer?" The girl immediately wrote in reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart."

## Puzzles.

4.

### ENIGMA.

[The following has done some service in social circles. Perhaps some of our older readers, who may not have met it, will like to exercise their skill upon it. We do not know its author.]

I am a word of plural number,  
A foe to peace and human slumber.  
'Most any noun you chance to take,  
By adding *s* you plural make;  
But if you add an *s* to this,  
How strange the metamorphosis, —  
Plural is plural now no more,  
And sweet what bitter was before!

5.

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in false, but not in true;  
My second in thou, and also in you;  
My third is in vine, but not in plant;  
My fourth is in uncle, but, strange, not in aunt;  
My fifth is in orchard, but not in field;  
My sixth is in opened, of course not in sealed;  
My seventh is in paper, but not in book;  
My eighth is in bait, but not in hook;  
My ninth is in rain, but never in shower;  
My tenth is in blossom, and also in flower;  
My eleventh is in watch, but not in clock;  
My twelfth is in fright, though not in shock;  
My thirteenth is in queer, but never in droll;  
My fourteenth is in spirit, but not in soul;  
My whole is a command of our Saviour.

N. E. K.

6.

### SQUARE WORD.

My first is a word meaning strength;  
My second to want comes at length;  
In the light of the fire is my third;  
My fourth is suggestive of flocks;  
My fifth, of a fair maiden's locks.

T. F.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

1. — C h u r c h  
Y u l  
R a m a d a  
U s h e  
S i l l  
A n d r e  
U n e a r t  
G a r i b a l d  
U n i  
S o l o m o  
T h i m b l  
U r b a n i t  
S y l l a b u  
B i t  
A n v i  
R a s c a  
T w  
O x b o  
L o t o

Cyrus Augustus Bartol and Henry Whitney Bel-  
lows.

\* In this line there was a misprint. Read "one other"  
instead of "no other."

2. — My first is *lad*; my second, *der*, which re-  
versed is a color; and my whole is *ladder*.

3. — R E D  
E R E  
D E N

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